

TOC H JOURNAL



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THREEPENCE



A GOOD WAY TO TELL PEOPLE ABOUT OUR WORK

This double-sided screen of pictures of Toc H Services Clubs is intended for display in places where a flag-day or appeal-week has been arranged. Each screen measures 6 ft. x 3 ft., and, mounted on its 'legs,' stands about 5 ft. 6 ins. high. The two sides are detachable and it can, if preferred, be hung on a wall or shown in a shop window. The upper photograph shows the side with pictures of our Overseas Clubs, the lower the screen mounted on its legs, with pictures of our Home Clubs visible. Six sets of these screens (the pictures on all sets are alike) are available and can be sent anywhere, packed in a special container, by rail, carriage forward. Applications should be made to the Bursar, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Give good notice, as the screens are heavily booked up.

TOC H JOURNAL

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A FAMILY AFFAIR

ALL members know that at an early stage in the War Toc H set itself a double 'target' for money-raising—a sum of £100,000 for its War Services Fund and of £50,000 for its post-war work. Between these two funds there are several essential differences. Our War Services Fund is registered under the War Charities Act of 1939. In other words, we are regarded as administering public money for the benefit of Service men and women in war-time, and it will be for the Government and not for Toc H to determine the disposal of any surplus there may be in our War Services Fund when the war is over. Moreover, all our Services Clubs are urged to send any profits they may accumulate now into the War Services Fund, and these are used for similar ventures elsewhere. Not a penny of these profits goes into the funds of Toc H Incorporated or may be used for any other kind of Toc H work.

A Principle of Money-raising

This has a decisive bearing on our attitude to raising the money. We are asking the public to help us carry out a great piece of national service. This service is clearly needed, has been asked of us by the authorities and recognised by them as valuable and, in many cases, well done. We are prohibited, even if we wished to do so, from devoting any of this money to Toc H 'family' purposes. The deeply-rooted objection in Toc H to using various forms of money-raising appeal therefore falls to the ground in the case of the War Services Fund. We have no hesitation in asking Tom, Dick and Harry to help the troops by giving us the money which will provide and furnish and staff our

Services Clubs. The response has been handsome, but the need constantly grows.

Munitions of Peace

A Fund for the specific peace time work of Toc H is in quite a different category. No member can doubt that the family of Toc H will be called to take a part in the tasks which will confront us when peace comes again. In the building of the 'new world,' so much heralded, the tasks will be legion, the opportunities for the 'Toc H spirit' immense—and the difficulty of finding the means to finance our ventures far greater than in war-time. For the urgency and the glamour of giving generously for the sake of men and women on active service and away from home will fade quickly—and so probably will high wages and full employment. Construction is a grander theme than destruction and the battle of building will be as tough as that of tearing down, but from the point of view of money-giving it will not have the same appeal.

Many of us believe that Toc H has bigger work in front of it than behind it; we look upon the service of the family in many fields in the twenty years between the two wars as an apprenticeship for work in the new age, already coming in. Are we to face the outbreak of peace unprepared and empty-handed? Exactly what man-power and what money we shall need, and can get, to make a new start no one can foretell. And no one can yet lay down the precise programme. But there is no doubt at all, for instance, that we shall require staff and premises—workmen and workshops for the use of the whole family. These, many of us think, ought to

be more numerous than in the past: it is certain that they will be more expensive.

A Family Affair

How is the necessary money to be found? We can rely on many friends, Builders and others, to stand by us—for Toc H from the earliest days never has been, and perhaps to the last never can be, self-supporting. But self-help has always been our pride. Thousands of members have willingly given what they could—often far more than they really could—to maintain the thing they believed in and to send it out to work in new fields. If our work in war-time has been faithfully done we shall have a much increased membership, recruited from those now on active service, to share the burden. But we can ill afford to wait until they get back to their homes and find a place in the ranks of their local units. We must be ready to meet them with 'something in the kitty' for the work they will be ready to begin.

Unlike the War Services Fund, this Fund will be a family affair, it will be part of the assets of Toc H Incorporated. And, whilst members have played a big part in making the appeal to the public for £100,000 for our Services Clubs, and many have added their own contribution to it, they will surely feel that this peace-time Fund is their special personal concern. In fact the suggestion is already abroad that this shall be called the *Members' Peace Thanksgiving Fund*. Peace may be long deferred, or it may come upon us suddenly. Whenever it comes it is certain that we shall be thankful. Let our thanksgiving start now. The Fund is open.

The War Services Fund has held the field for a long time now and with remarkable success. The need for it is as urgent as ever and nothing should hinder our work for it in appealing to the public. But the quiet and steady giving of members from their own pockets to the coming work of Toc H should be no such hindrance: these are two different functions which can operate side by side.

Opening the Fund

Already the necessity for such a Fund is widely recognised and it has, no doubt, been

discussed in all sorts of ways up and down the country. The full-time staff discussed it, for instance, at their annual Conference this summer, the Central Executive and the Central Finance Committee have realised the need for it and are prepared to back it in every way they can. The idea is getting talked about in Area Executives, as a letter just received by the Editor shows. The writer, Stan Berwick, writing from Shaldon, Serpentine Road, Sevenoaks, says:

"Recently Herbert Leggate addressed the members of the Kent, Surrey and Sussex Area Executive. The talk he gave on the Four Points of the Compass (easily the finest I have ever heard) pointed out so clearly to all of us who had the good fortune to be present that finance and every other walk of life must be christianised if the nations are to survive, that when, at the conclusion, someone meekly suggested that the Area should adopt a target of £2,500, to be raised in the next twelve months, there were murmurs all round the room of 'not enough, not enough' and it was quickly amended to £3,000." (*Actually, we understand, £47 was promised on the spot.*—Ed.).

"The purpose of this letter is twofold, first to invite all members, both men and women, in *this* Area to send their contribution to a Members' Peace Thanksgiving Fund, either direct or through their units, to me; secondly, to suggest to other Areas that they may care to adopt similar schemes.

"When hostilities cease and the youngsters are returning in their thousands to civilian life and, we hope, to Toc H, let the Movement be ready financially to take up the challenge and to give the quality of leadership that the times will call for. This is the job which we who are left can and should do right away. Give until it hurts—it will then be worth while."

There is the idea. Next month we hope to give some further details and suggestions. Think it over, but don't forget—the time is *now*.
B. B.

Congratulations

To Capt. ARTHUR ETESON (Seaton Branch) on being awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in the Field in Sicily.

To C. V. COATES ('The Professor'), who attained the age of 90 on August 26. He has been the active Secretary of Dulwich Branch since the outbreak of war, and it is mainly due to him that it carries on.

A MEMORIAL TO NEVILLE TALBOT

MEMBERS who knew Neville Talbot, who died on April 3, and others who remember with proud thanksgiving his share in founding Talbot House, will be glad to know of a memorial to him. A fund is being raised to train a native African priest for the Diocese of Pretoria, where Neville was

Bishop. The Central Executive have voted £100 towards this and any units or individual members who wish can now send contributions to the Treasurer. This fittingly follows an old custom of devoting half the service collection at our former Birthday Festivals to the Pretoria Diocese.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

AS usual—and never more than in war-time when friends are scattered over all seas and lands and skies—many of our members will want to observe the ceremony, now time-honoured, of the World Chain of Light. We need explain only to new members its origin, purpose and the way it is carried out.

The World Chain starts on December 11 (and continues for twenty-four hours) because it commemorates the birth of Toc H by the opening of Talbot House, Poperinghe, on that date in 1915. Its purpose is to remind members all over the world of their unity in fellowship and service by the holding, everywhere, at a given moment in the year, the Ceremony of Light with Lamp or Rushlight, the universal symbol of Toc H. The chosen moment is 9 p.m. *by your own clock* and since the time varies round the world as it turns round the sun, the lighting of the Lamps of Branches or Rushlights of Groups actually takes place (at 9 p.m.) in succession from East to West until a true World Chain of Light is forged in twenty-four hours. In that space of time all the units taking part have 'stood to' their Lamps, remembered their friends, the dead and the living, and passed on the Light to their brethren further westward, who forge another link of the Chain and pass it on in turn. The Family of Toc H is always one, but once a year it feels that it is worth while to pause in the light of the Lamp to remind itself of this.

Each year the Chain is started in a particular place and the Light is thought of as returning thither after twenty-four hours from its world-journey and is 'received back.' It has become the custom, therefore, for the Branch chosen to start the Chain to keep a continuous

vigil—one or two members at a time relieving each other—before their lighted Lamp during the whole period from 9 p.m. on December 11 to 9 p.m. on December 12. The Chain started in its first year from Australia, where the idea itself originated. Since then it has started from Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, India, Iceland (in 1941), Jerusalem (last year), several times from the Old House at Poperinghe, as well as from this country. This year the honour falls to India again: it will start from Madras. This will be the order of lighting the Lamps and Rushlights.

December 11, at 9 p.m.: India and Ceylon, Iran, Iraq, Aden, Palestine, Africa (North, South, East and West), Europe and the Mediterranean, the British Isles, Iceland, the West Indies, South America, Canada and the United States.

December 12, at 9 p.m.: The Forces in the Pacific, New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania: China and Japan, Malaya and Burma (where some members are fighting or prisoners).

'Light' in Tunisia

It is interesting to recall what happened in the middle of the battle in Tunisia last year. The 7th Armoured Division had not yet received the surrender of the 15th Panzers, but some of its men found time to operate a very thriving Circle of Toc H. Gordon Turvey, our Commissioner in the Middle East, wrote home earlier this year:

"In spite of the strenuous desert warfare in which the Division has been involved, those who constitute the Circle did not forget the World Chain of Light on December 12, when they were on the advance to Tripoli. It was an unconventional occasion. The tanks were leaguered for the night, widely dispersed over the rolling sandy waste of desert. No lights, of course, could be shown. The Toc H meeting was held in one of the large modern tanks, packed to capacity. The Light was a match, held inside a match-box. But it had as real a significance there as in the most elaborate setting."

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: A FOOTNOTE

IT has often been said, and it is true, that International relations will show some fundamental improvement as our knowledge of one another increases. It is less frequently pointed out that we will not be equipped to make our maximum contribution to improved relations until we make a more determined effort to know enough about ourselves to act as our own interpreters.

In an interview in the *Yorkshire Post* some months ago Tubby, speaking on America, said that we need not expect Americans to think better of us until we think better and speak more confidently of ourselves. I am not sure that I agree with the sense in which I think Tubby used words to this effect on that occasion; blowing our own trumpet is not likely to enhance our reputation anywhere (not even in America), and we already think highly of ourselves—so highly, in fact, that we consider it unnecessary either to inform ourselves about what goes on in our Empire *in our name*, or when we know something of it, to justify it. We expect the world to be as complacent about our virtues as we are ourselves. At present the great mass of our people are complacent about our good Imperial intentions and our “perhaps not completely successful” but nevertheless idealistic Imperial record. A noisy and uncompromising minority sees no virtue in our record and would “scrap the lot” in favour of some equally uncompromising doctrinaire solution for all our most complex tasks.

Neither standpoint corresponds remotely with the historical motives behind, or the historical facts involved in, the growth of the British Commonwealth and Empire and as much harm is done by one party as by the other. Those of us who, if possible without complacency, wish to act as goodwill interpreters of our own past and present, will do well to give as much thought and study to the Empire and Commonwealth as we do, say, to America. I say this because I believe it is the necessary complement to the study

of America which I urged recently and which will be supplemented and guided by correspondence with Americans acting as their own interpreters. Americans are *instructed* in their schools in the constitutional framework of their civilisation; we must instruct ourselves in the constitutional (and unconstitutional) framework of the many civilisations to which we are linked by Empire and Commonwealth.

The “Romance of the Empire” is not an expression entirely unrelated to the facts, and study (honest study) of its growth and development will, to those of my friends in the Family who think Ramsey Muir’s *Civilisation and Liberty* an unvarnished record, and to those who think it is completely dishonest history writing, be a beneficial exercise! Others may, from their standpoint of Imperial purity (untarnished by Imperial responsibilities!) offer devastating criticism of our exercise of authority so variously come by. We have a more restricted field for criticism since we must conserve *some* of our energies of mind and body for the administration, education and development of territories as widely separated culturally, geographically and economically as India, Africa and Asia. Our critics know a great deal about our failures in these territories and as much more about our sins. (And both “our” failures and our sins would occupy a few libraries). That is in keeping with criticism not encumbered by responsibility. *We* must know a great deal about the forces that made some of our failures unavoidable and about the motives and the men who in our name committed the sins. And we must know more about the successes and the men who, in our name, achieved them—enough not merely to interpret them to our friends but to ensure that they continue and multiply until perhaps the day comes when Ramsey Muir’s conception of our lily-white Imperial Purity has at last a broad foundation in fact.

SHAUN HERRON.

NOTE: There is an excellent small book recently added to the Penguin series (9d.), *Argument of Empire* by W. K. Hancock. It is written by an Australian with an eye especially to American readers, but everyone should read it.—ED.

THE EXAMPLE OF NORWAY

Previous articles in this series have been written specially for us by distinguished nationals of France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Greece, Belgium, Holland and Hungary. We now add a contribution on Norway, written for the JOURNAL by Professor A. H. WINSNES, who was Professor of Literature at the University of Oslo since 1937. He escaped from German-occupied Norway and reached England in 1942, when he was appointed Director of the British-Norwegian Institute, recently established in London. He is author of numerous works on the history of Norwegian literature.

NORWAY, which forms the westerly and northerly part of the Scandinavian peninsula, is the most northerly outpost of the European civilisation. The climate is milder than in any other country situated so far north. The sea and the fjords never freeze, even in the extreme north which faces the Arctic Ocean. It is, in fact, the sea which makes it possible for people to live in Norway.

Sea and Forest

There is fishing throughout the year and on a particularly large scale during the seasons when the shoals are travelling over the fishing banks. Large areas of the country are covered with forests from which many people derive their living. Norway's most important export commodities come from these forests. The export includes timber, wood-pulp, cellulose and paper. The Norwegian waterfalls, which are well situated for regulation, provide the power. The soil is scarce but very good. Large areas of the vast mountain regions are being brought into use. They provide excellent pasture land for cows, goats and sheep, and game and fish are also plentiful here.

But without sea communications Norway could not exist. The Norwegians have been seafaring people from early times. In the Middle Ages Norwegian vessels sailed across all the northern seas. Norwegians settled along the coasts of the North Sea and formed small communities in Iceland, the Faroe Islands, the Orkney Islands, the Shetland Islands, the Hebrides and in Ireland. Leif Eiriksson found his way to America about 500 years before Columbus. To-day the Norwegian Merchant Navy is the fourth largest and the most up-to-date in the world.

A Thousand Years of Tradition

The history of the Norwegian people goes

back a long way. As a united country it possesses a thousand-year-old tradition. The kingdom of Norway was formed by Harald Haarfagre at the end of the 9th century. To begin with, the unity was not very solid, but gradually the people merged organically and created an independent culture which reached its heights in the 13th century during the Middle Ages. The people's love for law and justice is remarkable. "The land shall be built on law and not laid waste with lawlessness," it is said in one of the old books of law written in the 12th century.

The 14th and 15th centuries proved to be a period of nation disintegration. In 1380 Norway became united with Denmark. She did not manage to assert her independence and in 1536 she became a subject state of Denmark. But the national spirit of the people was by no means broken. The Norwegian farmers preserved their independence, their characteristic culture and tradition which had been handed down to them from the Middle Ages. The intellectual *élite*, mostly civil servants, took the lead in a national movement. In 1814 the Norwegian people once again took their destiny in their own hands and at the National Assembly at Eidsvold their representatives proclaimed the re-establishment of the kingdom of Norway

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RIGHT: Cod-fishery at Lofoten.



LEFT: Domestic Science in a Girls' Training College.

their families. It aims at preventing class consciousness amongst children and at creating a feeling of national unity. The seven years' Primary School is a State school and is universal for all citizens. It is, indeed, with every justification called *The People's School*.

Social Services

The State and the community is not only concerned with public enlightenment but also with the material welfare of the people on a scale which shows a highly developed social consciousness. The main objective is to prevent social distress. Special stress is laid on the health of the children. Expectant mothers, infants and children up to school age are subject to supervision. According to the law, mothers and expectant mothers may stay away from work six weeks prior to and twelve weeks after the birth of their child. Before the German occupation all People's Schools in Oslo provided the children with a sound meal, the well-known "Oslo breakfast." This system has been adopted by a number of municipalities in the country. Moreover, a well-developed national, social insurance system has been set up to prevent want and poverty. All workers are insured against accident, and all Norwegians with an income of less than 6,000 kroner (about £300) per year are compulsorily insured against sickness. There is also an unemployment insurance scheme and a universal and compulsory old age insurance pension system.

'The People's School'

The Norwegian people constitute a typical democratic community. The root of this democracy is respect for the individual and for personal freedom.

Good general education forms the basis of a democratic community and the Norwegians have tried to realise this ideal. Two fundamental principles have given the ideological impetus to this movement. The first principle is equal educational opportunity. That means that circumstances of birth and wealth should have as little influence as possible. The other principle is to avoid a school system which creates social segregation. The school does not separate the children from

A United Nation

The stubborn resistance which the Norwegian people have shown against German oppression and their attempts to deprive them of their freedom, show better than anything else how ingrained are the traditions of Norwegian democracy. Most spontaneous was the reaction against the German's total denial of the most elementary rights of the people. It was equally important, however, that no class of the Norwegian community should have the feeling of being outsiders. Freedom and equality existed not only on paper. The people had something to fight for. In time of distress they acted as one; a united nation irrespective of party and class.

"WHEN THEY COME HOME"

"This Open Letter," writes TUBBY, "has its origin in the appointment of the Rev. J. THOM, M.C., to the Living of Melton Mowbray, in the Leicester Diocese. The Bishop of Leicester, himself a veteran Chaplain of distinction, has thus brought to his Diocese a man who was a household word in Flanders. The Rev. J. THOM has just retired reluctantly on age-limit. His work will be not only his own parish, but in a wider way his experienced energies are to bear fruit throughout the Diocese. This Open Letter is addressed to him, at the Bishop's suggestion."

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

There can be no three friends, within the Church of England, who are bound by deeper fellowship than you, your Bishop, and myself. You both are heroes of the war in Flanders; where I did very little in the line, but, far more safely, was the 'Innkeeper' of Talbot House, whence Toc H has emerged. It was at about this stage in the old war, when I submitted to Archbishop Davidson a plan in outline for the Church home-coming of officers and men. Then time ran short. The foe collapsed, as you remember, in the same year as his last great offensive, and March 21st, 1918, was a strange contrast with November 11th. The British are wrought iron, improved by blows; the Germans are cast iron, standing (apparently) incredible strain, but finally just snapping. Within a year from now, if all goes well, this is indeed most likely to occur.

A week or two ago I saw your Bishop, and heard from him the most delightful news that you are going to be the Parish Priest of Melton Mowbray. You will bring them blessing; but, more than that, you will be on his staff, endeavouring to assist more widely within the Diocese, on his behalf. The Bishop asked me whether any plan was in my mind, which you could illustrate. This question drove me back to the old plan, submitted to Archbishop Davidson. The old plan perished in the London blitz; but this is an attempt to note some features, which you may care, yourself, to amplify.

When finally the officers and men begin to reach their homes, would it not be the happiest of customs in the Church that we should have a simple plan prepared for them? I am not thinking of crowded services, with hymns and sermons, but of something quiet, which would assist to reunite the home in the best way, within the Living Presence of Our Lord. Nor am I thinking here of their Communion, for many families have not yet learnt the joy of their Communion side by side. Our plan must be for every kind of home, not only for the Church folk in our midst, but for the wide variety of views; and it must be most tactfully set forward.

May I suggest that every wife and mother should soon write out and ask that her good man, now overseas, would send his glad agreement to the arrangements which I here put down. It is that every man, on his return, should come with his dear wife, and with the children, and a few friends (if so desired) to their old Parish Church and there kneel down; and in a very simple form of prayers, together with the blessing of the priest, reconsecrate their home relationships and render their thanksgiving for his safety. This little plan would surely be most wholesome, and completely English in its tone; for it would be domestic and informal. For a few moments they would kneel together, acknowledging their debt of gratitude and promising to dedicate their home, even more truly, in His love and friendship.

I feel that by some very simple plan, such as here described, the homes of England, especially within the country parishes, would come together in the happiest way. It would mean far more than large Services, attended by considerable numbers.

Your Bishop cordially agreed, and asked me to draw up the tiny Service I would suggest for use on such occasions. This I will try to do, with your advice, and we can get it printed

later on. Copies would then be distributed throughout the Diocese, and there would be a picture of the Church, and a blank space, so that the family could add their signatures. The Service could be framed as a reminder that their own home had played a real part in answer to Her Majesty's true message in the darkest days of war. Our beloved Queen spoke to her people in the following words:—

" . . . speaking as I do to-night from my own dearly-loved home, I must say that I keenly look forward to a great rebuilding of family life as soon as the war ends."

Would you then be prepared, from Melton Mowbray, to undertake to spread the whole idea, and to get every Leicester parish to follow your example in the matter? The Diocese of Leicester could then stand as having made this simple preparation, and written out to their men for their agreement. If the results came in without demur, for the whole plan requires some moral courage, I hope that it may spread to other Dioceses and thus become a big united front, affecting many thousands of the homes now looking forward to that great reunion which peace will bring, when Victory is won.

Yours ever,

TUBBY.

DOWN IN THE FOREST

"**D**OWN in the Forest something stirred," says the song, and goes on to ask if it was "the voice of a bird." It was more than that. Three of us made tracks for the Forest on an August day to find out for ourselves.

A Services Club

We halted first in a village at the old cream-faced cottage on the corner, with its neat green garden palings and green-framed windows and a little sign, bearing the Lamp, on the wall. Before the war these were the rooms of the local Toc H Branch, now it is one—locally they are proud to say the very first to be opened—of our Toc H Services Clubs. Mere civilians as we were, we were served with an illegal cup of coffee by the leader and her splendid W.V.S. team in the low kitchen with its great open fireplace. Half-a-dozen soldiers and a couple of A.T.S. girls sat at ease there in armchairs over their 'elevenses,' and in the evenings, when the place is crammed full with chatter and tobacco smoke, it must be as cosy as the pleasantest and most English bar-parlour you can wish. Bent double under the low beams, we went upstairs to peep into tiny rooms, bright with flowers and pictures and books. Smallest of them all is the Upper Room of the Branch, with the Double Cross of Ypres standing between flowers on a ledge, a shelf of books in

one corner and little tables hinged to the wall where a man may sit in peace and write a letter to his girl. The cottage is much more than a canteen—it has the touch of home. You can feel it the moment you step over the threshold.

Into Camp

A mile or so beyond we turned aside into the Forest itself. Lovely at all times, not least in full summer, is this old Forest. And the view from the open ridge after we had passed the first belt of over-arching trees was loveliest of all—the low waves of the fruitful Weald, patched richly with the gold and green of harvest, with farm roofs and a distant spire between, which ran up into the long clean line of the Downs making the horizon.

On the brow of a steep field we found the Camp. Its roomy brown tents were pitched in groups of two or three under great oak trees in a very irregular semi-circle—excellent and very necessary camouflage and far pleasanter to look at and live in than the military lines of peace-time. The larger mess-tent, with its side curtains brailed up and the air blowing across its long trestle tables, stood roughly in the centre, and at a little distance the iron-roofed, timber-framed cookhouse. It was a chosen site and it could not have been better used.

Y.S.V.

The Camp Warden welcomed us and the leader of the forestry party. This needs a little explanation. The Camp is one of a series—I believe, a score or so—which ranges from Cornwall to Cambridgeshire and from the Sussex Downs to Loch Lomond, in places where volunteer labour is needed for forestry, for harvesting, fruit-picking and land-reclamation, or for salvage (which means, among other things, sorting spent ammunition from African battlefields). The volunteers also are of many kinds—young men and women, boys and girls who are on leave from work or on holiday from school or university, those awaiting their call-up or advised to seek outdoor occupation. The camps are run by a new and forward-looking organisation called Youth Service Volunteers and the Camp Warden who greeted us was its representative.

Some months ago Toc H approached the Y.S.V. with a proposal, which was welcomed, that we should undertake to staff one such camp for three weeks this summer with volunteers, Alec Churcher, through his connection with our Schools Section, set out to find them. It was to be a true mixture of boys, on Toc H principles, so far as possible and it would be officered by our own men. In the end the party of forty so which met on the job came from a great variety of schools and clubs—Aldenham School and Aldenham Boys' Club (in North London), Finchley County School, Haileybury College, Hendon County School, Ipswich Grammar School, Malvern College, Plaistow Secondary School, Stowe School Boys' Club, Truro Grammar School, Waterloo Boys' Club and a few boys sent by the Y.S.V. I have set them down in alphabetical order in order to avoid "class distinctions"—and in truth there were none at all. The leader of the party for the three weeks, who greeted us, was none other than Stephen Jack, actor and broadcaster and member of the Toc H Central Executive, and his second-in-command was Geoff. Martin, for many years a member of our staff and for always a true member of our family. Indeed the Camp was a 'Family affair.'

Pit Props

After a quick change into camp clothes and a meal with Steve and the Warden, we went up into the Forest to find the party. We struck the first section near the roadside, half-a-dozen boys under Geoff's genial command, busy on a pile of hewn timber. They were sorting it according to thickness and cutting it into the regulation lengths for pit-props. This operation exercised mind as well as body, for it involves what seemed to a newcomer complicated calculations to determine the length of a balk of timber to match its diameter. One boy with a folding rule was measuring up, as to the manner born, while the rest took turns with the saws. All of them were in shorts, most of them stripped to the waist and a rich *café au lait* to the waist-belt, though the back of one at least glowed a painful red at the neck of his blue shirt. They laughed as they worked and cursed cheerfully now and then when a log slipped and grazed shin or forearm.

Italian Interlude

We left them and went deeper into the wood. "Down in the Forest something stirred" among the heather and the sunlit leaves—a glimpse of bare arms swinging, the sound of an axe, a shout as another tree toppled and crashed into the undergrowth. And the shout was not an English voice; it interrupted the chorus of a little old Italian song. So we came upon a party of prisoners of war, working with a will. "*Come sta?*" I called to them. "*Benissimo, Signore!*" they called back in chorus, grinning. I spent a few minutes with Alfredo, the sergeant, as he worked, a little apart from the rest. (By the rules of war one doesn't 'fraternise with the enemy,' but when you come across a man who is so plainly doing his best in the common cause of victory over the Forest and Mussolini, what would you?). Alfredo was a noble figure of a man, with shining muscles and a deep bare, brown chest. He came from up North and I knew the chestnut woods of his home country: he showed a fine row of white teeth in a smile when I told him so. "*La guerra—non è ancora finita?*" "Not just yet," I replied in his language, "but

you'll be home one day soon, I think." "Mussolini no good!" he said in emphatic English, drawing his hand across his own throat with a comic grimace. He took up his axe, preparing to swing it again—not for the cause of the Axis. "*A rivederci, Signore!*" he said. "And in your country next time," I added, in parting. Since that August day much has happened to bring that hope nearer.

Nice Work!

The Italians told us which way to look for the boys and the next minute the snorting of a tractor in the undergrowth brought us to the right spot. A load of big timber was just being driven away, festooned with the boys who had cut it. "*That's the Daily Worker,*" said someone, pointing to a member of the team squatting with an axe across his knees on the front of the load. They all looked like daily workers, but we were to meet this particular one later.

The tractor ploughed its way off, with a crashing of undergrowth and swishing of boughs, like any tank, and we looked about for the next squad of lads. In our search we first met a stout city-man, disguised for war-time very much like a game-keeper. He was the timber expert in charge of operations on behalf of the Ministry of Supply. "The best lot of boys I've had down here since we started," he said. "There's spirit in them, they work well." With that he whistled up a little gang and showed them the next patch to tackle. "Leave that one," he said, "and clear the rest down to there. And cut 'em low." Low it was—a pretty job done while you wait. We waited to see two trees fall and went up the wood again, for it was nearly time to pack up for the day. We came upon another gang of half-a-dozen resting in the heather beside their axes; they had earned their idleness. And then the word was given; the gangs converged on the lorry which stood waiting at the gate of the Forest. They loaded the empty dixies from their dinner into the lorry, piled into it and we after them, and we started back to Camp. On the road we swayed heavily to dodge another lorry coming the other way. It was

packed with men in brown uniforms with one in khaki, holding an idle rifle, on the tailboard. As we passed there was a good-night cheer from both sides, from us and from the Italians.

Tea and Revolution

Tea was very much the next business, with meat stew and stewed fruit to it. Inside the cookhouse the orderlies were hard at work—among them a fine-looking public school boy and a stocky East-end Cockney—"Bill" and "George" as they bandied pleasantries to each other in two kinds of English. And outside in the queue to the table where the cook was ladelling stew, I found myself, plate and mug in hand, standing two removed from the *Daily Worker*. He was holding forth earnestly but without alarming bitterness on the necessity of "bloody revolution" as the only decent entry into the brave new world that is coming. His fellow foresters listened now and again when they were not absorbed by the foretaste of tea, but made little comment. They clearly accepted him as a good fellow with an interesting foible. For if the 'special correspondent' of the *Daily Worker* (who had been given leave by his editor and the Y.S.V. to spend a week in a forestry camp) had expected to find or to propagate the "class war" among this audience, he must have suffered a grievous disappointment. He was happy, and what he wrote afterwards in his paper, I am told, was fair criticism.

Tea was followed by delicious go-as-you-please. The really enterprising, headed by Steve (as all the Camp called its leader), went off to swim in a deep pool on a neighbour's estate, others to their tents to lie quietly with a book or to work off "the unexpended portion of the day's ration" of energy in a rough-and-tumble. At dusk, the bathing party having come in again, there was a mug of cocoa and a 'doorstep' of bread and marg, for everyone.

The End of a Perfect Day

And then Steve suggested, rather than commanded, a general assembly in the mess-tent. His policy from the first had been to go slow, not to force the pace, to let fellowship grow

in service—a prescription familiar to us in Toc H. Only the night before, after nearly a week in camp, they had held their first sing-song—and they were very ready now to repeat the dose. So we sat round the tables in the mess-tent and let things happen. A song got us going and then there was a general request for *Green grow the Rushes, O* to repeat a success of the previous evening. It sounded fine (how often and in what various company has it sounded fine in other unforgotten days!) in the closing dimness of the tent, when only the conductor's waistline was visible between the heads of the seated singers and his own head, hidden in the darkness of the canvas roof.

Next, a very young voice (you couldn't identify faces by now) insisted on starting a fantastic tale and after a minute leaving it in the air—serpents and all—for anyone else to carry on. Carry it on they did, one after another, until the fantasy beat them. And then—again by request—a small Welsh boy sang *Land of my Fathers* and *All through the Night* in his own tongue and with native fervour, to Steve's ocarina accompaniment. Steve himself followed, bringing out of his inexhaustible repertoire songs in the dialects of the West Country and the West Riding. A

brisk game all round on the 'Consequences' plan, another chorus or two and we stood on the threshold of bed-time. Would the delightful programme fade away as casually as it had begun, or would it find a climax? I wondered, and the answer came quickly. Steve jumped up and with startling vigour broke into King Harry's speech before Harfleur, the living voice of national service and so not remote from the Camp itself. And then—for the first time in the Camp's progress in growing together—all were on their feet, as for a natural ending to a good day, for Family Prayers. At last we were out under the bright stars, stumbling through the dewy grass to our tents. There was the usual noise of 'tuning down' to bed under canvas and silence fell on a company tired enough and contented.

At a good hour of the morning we tumbled out again to the loud shout of "Show a leg there!", breakfasted and took the road—we three regretfully towards desks in London, the campers to the sunlit Forest with axe and saw. For them the Camp is more than plain holiday: it is hard work well done for the Nation's need and a very school of friendships which may endure long afterwards. Shall we not call that a Toc H job? B. B.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

CHAMBERS.—Killed in action, ROBERT KENNETH CHAMBERS, E.R.A., R.N., a member of Dunfermline Branch. Elected 19.11.'40.

CHEESEMAM.—On active service in Sicily, LEONARD CHEESEMAM, Pte., aged 20, a probationer of High Brooms Group.

DEPOIX.—Killed in action, ARTHUR DEPOIX, a member of Alton Branch. Elected 1.2.'38.

FOLWELL.—On July 17, after short illness, JIM FOLWELL, aged 70, a member of Braunstone Branch.

FOWLER.—Killed in action in June, ROBERT G. A. FOWLER, Flight-Sergt., R.A.F., a probationer of West Drayton & Yiewsley Group.

FREMANTLE.—Suddenly on August 26, Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE, M.P. for St. Alban's, a member of the House of Commons Group.

HIRSCHTRITT.—Killed in action in Sicily,

STEPHEN HIRSCHTRITT, a member of Richmond (Yorks.) Branch. Elected 1942.

LAVENDER.—On active service in Scotland in September, WILLIAM EDWIN LAVENDER, Sergt.-Navigator, R.A.F., a member of Balsall Heath Group. Elected 28.6.'39.

LUNTLEY.—On active service in Canada, JAMES LUNTLEY, L.A.C., R.A.F., a member of Bournemouth Branch.

RICKETTS.—On active service in India in August, after a painful illness bravely borne, A. S. ('SID') RICKETTS, a member of Tunbridge Wells Branch. Elected 17.5.'41.

WOOLLEY.—Killed in action in December, 1942, CARL R. WOOLLEY, Sergt.-Observer, R.A.F., late Warden of Mark VI, Birmingham. Elected 18.1.'38.

AROUND THE MAP

The 'Circles' at Work

THE 'Circles'—a sort of 'spontaneous combustion' of Toc H—which have sprung up among Service men in the Middle East, have often been mentioned in these pages. There seem to be something like 150 of them now running, some of them a hundred men strong, and they continually increase. They are widely scattered, mobile, loosely-knit and often out of touch with our Headquarters in Egypt. But lest members at home should think they cannot be 'the real thing' we expect in Toc H, we quote from a most interesting letter, lately received from Padre A. H. Morton at Alexandria. After speaking of Talbot House there and Howard and Elizabeth Dunnett, "who are such a charming host and hostess," he says:

"Howard and his committee have drawn together seven or eight Groups and Circles and we now work as a team. These are the pre-war R.A.F. Group, one or two A.A. Circles (many of these are the result of the *Andes (troopship)* activities), an R.A.O.C. Circle, two South African Circles and Springbok House of the U.D.F.I. (*Union Defence Force Institutes, a Y.M.C.A.—Toc H organisation*). Changes are always taking place as units move, but incoming units nearly always seem to have a Toc H member or pass-holder and the other Circles gather round and a new Circle is born.

"Howard now has a District Team, composed of two representatives from each Group or Circle, which meets once a month. Representatives give accounts of their activities during the past month and many useful ideas are thus pooled, and the Committee gives sound advice to new Circles.

"Among the many activities are visiting the Merchant Seamen's Hospital, and provision of cigarettes and books—this is a corporate job taken on by all Groups and Circles; raising of funds for Christmas entertainment of European children, this being the R.A.F. speciality; organising unit entertainments, play-reading, house-planning, lectures and discussions. Then there is the monthly Training Day, held at a different Group or Circle H.Q. each month. The programme varies but centres round talks by experts on Toc H, past, present and future. This has been found most necessary owing to the rapid growth of Circles, started often by those filled with the spirit of service but lacking in the knowledge of Toc H tradition and character. The day includes a service, lunch, tea and bathing. We are planning a sketch for our next Training Day entitled, 'Forming a Toc H Group after the War—the right way and how *not* to do it!' We are also planning to run 'Toc H Officers' Instructions—the duties of Chairman, Secretary, Pilot, etc. . . . *Late Flash* :

Another A.A. Circle was born last night!"

He goes on to describe a week's visit from Sidney Pepper (late member of the Central Executive, now serving in the M.E.F.), and we hope to quote 'Pep's' own account of it next month.

News of Reg Staton

Many members at home have heard, with deep regret and sympathy, that Reg Staton's eyesight is seriously threatened in his German prison camp. In his letters home he refers to it with a cheerful gallantry which has never faltered. Everything—and it is little—that can be done at home to help him is being done, and it is hoped that if and when the question of the exchange of sick and badly disabled prisoners of war can be reopened, he may be repatriated. Meanwhile the Camp Captain of Ilag VIII, where Reg, with our other four staff men, was imprisoned, has reported fully on his condition to the British Red Cross. He says that a British eye doctor examined Reg in July and found that senile cataract was present in his right eye, which had a visual acuity of 6/24. His left eye, in which an advanced cataract is present, can only count fingers at a distance of two feet. The Doctor prescribed treatment and made various recommendations. The Camp Captain ends his report by saying:

"May I add that I know Mr. Staton well. He is one of my own friends, and I would like his friends in England to know that he does not take his situation tragically or let it overwhelm him. He is always cheerful, very active and devotes his life to the service of the Camp."

In a later letter (August 13), the Camp Captain, C. W. F. France, reports that Reg has now been moved to the Hospital in another Camp, Stalag IX C (? IX A/H), to be under the care of Major Charters, R.A.M.C. He adds:

"His hundreds of friends in this Camp (Ilag VIII) will miss him very badly, but still we are all happy that his transfer has been granted and to know that he is under such expert care."

All of us echo the last phrase.

Music in Toc H

The article on 'A Musical Evening' at St. Ives in last month's JOURNAL has brought the

Editor several enthusiastic letters. We cannot all get musicians like Pouishnoff, who happened to be at St. Ives, to speak to our unit, nor can we easily collect good performers and large audiences in war-time for concerts arranged by Toc H. But several concerts of first-rate quality, arranged for Toc H, have already been given, or are soon to be given, which fulfil a twofold aim—they produce money for our War Services Fund, but they also further the cause of good music.

One such concert took place in the Guildhall at Gloucester on March 4. The artists were Leon Goossens, the great oboist (an oboe has been defined as "an ill wind that nobody blows any good," but this doesn't apply to Mr. Goossens!); Meriel St. Clair, the mezzo-soprano; Ivor Newton, the pianist; and Stanislaw Frydberg, a Russian violinist of splendid ability. The programme included music of English, German, Spanish, French, Czech and Polish composers and was a real success. Such a programme takes a lot of arranging and rehearsal. With artists of this quality it is a beautiful whole and not a series of 'turns,' and any suggestion, such as is sometimes received from units getting up a 'variety show,' that one of these artists should contribute an item is entirely out of place. They work seriously in the cause of the best music and they give us their services free.

Another little 'team' of musicians who want to help Toc H is now coming together and has arranged two concerts already. The first will take place on the evening of November 12 at St. Alban's, and the second on the afternoon of Sunday, November 14, at Tunbridge Wells. In January the same artists hope to give concerts for us at Northampton and other places in the Midlands. The 'team' consists of John McKenna (tenor), Laelia Finneberg (soprano), Florence Hooton ('cellist), with Gerald Moore as accompanist at St. Alban's and Harold Craxton at Tunbridge Wells. We can look forward to some lovely music.

For music-lovers in Toc H who have no opportunity to listen to fine performances first-hand, there is a 'next-best-thing.' We have, for instance, received the programme of a series of Gramophone Concerts held every



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN OCCASION.
Photo: Yorkshire Post

Tuesday and Friday for members of the Forces in Talbot House, Calcutta, by 'Toc H in conjunction with H.M.V.' To show that the promoters are taking music seriously and what a treat has just been enjoyed by those of their audience as do so, we give the programme for September:

SEPT. 3: Beethoven, *Piano Concerto No. 1*; Schubert, *Unfinished Symphony*. SEPT. 7: Brahms, *Symphony No. 2*; Four songs sung by Elizabeth Schumann. SEPT. 10: Mozart, *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*; Tchaikovsky, *Symphony No. 5*. SEPT. 14: Bach, *Brandenburg Concerto No. 2*; Beethoven, *Emperor Concerto*. SEPT. 17: Wagner, *'Meistersingers' Overture*; Franck, *Symphonic Variations*; Mozart, *'Jupiter' Symphony*. SEPT. 21: Handel, *Water Music Suite*; Bach, *Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor*; Tchaikovsky, *Violin Concerto*. SEPT. 24: Wagner, *'Tannhauser' Overture*; Beethoven, *Symphony No. 7*. SEPT. 28: Mozart, *Horn Concerto*; Schubert, *'Trout' Quintet*.

An Anglo-American Occasion

The picture on this page follows up with visible evidence Shaun Herron's article in the August JOURNAL on Anglo-American relations and the liaison we need, and seek, between Christians on both sides of the Atlantic. It shows Shaun, as Regional Padre in Yorkshire, in the act of lighting the Lamp for a Ceremony of Light in the Riley-Smith Hall of Leeds University on August 21, in memory of the Elder Brethren of Britain and the United States who have fallen as brothers-in-arms in this war. Beside him stands Col. Maurice W. Reynolds, Chaplain-in-Chief of the Eighth United States Army Air Force,

and on the left Dr. Watkin-Jones, Moderator of the Leeds Free Church Federal Council, Chairman of that night's meeting. Speaking at the meeting, Col. Reynolds said:

"I believe that the shape of this thing we call peace has got to be made by the English-speaking peoples. I believe that you in England and we in America have to get to know each other. How can that interchange of ideas be increased so that a Yorkshireman knows a Connecticut Yankee?"

"I am convinced that one of the greatest methods that we can possibly use is for just ordinary folk to get in touch with ordinary folk in a written letter. We can't go over there, but some mother in England can write to a mother in America. It can be extended. Churches can contact churches, schools can contact schools, colleges can contact colleges, and whole towns can contact whole towns."

A Note from Switzerland

Mention was made here at an earlier stage in the War of the little group of Toc H members who are exiles in Switzerland. The death since then of one of them, Padre Holman, has been recorded. Padre George Moore ('Skipper') of All Hallows, took his place as British Chaplain at Berne, and all his friends in the Scouts and Toc H will rejoice to know that George's health, for the sake of which he went to Switzerland before the war broke out, is greatly improved by his enforced stay there. Mention has also been made of Edon Dawson-Moray, formerly a member of Bournemouth and Ilkley Branches, now working in the British Legation at Berne. His name frequently crops up in letters home from our prisoners of war, for he has done splendidly consistent service by writing them letters and sending them Toc H literature supplied to him regularly from home. In a note to Tubby he says:

"There are only four of us Toc H members and a couple of Toc Emmas in this country, but now that George Moore has become Chaplain here in place of Padre Holman—who was also a member—we hope to start something in a small way. We're opening with a sing-song next week, to which we hope to get some lusty voices from our own and the U.S. Legations. The chief snag will be that most of us are up to our necks in work and don't get much spare time."

This is a grand country and the Swiss are kindly and cheerful folk. In spite of tightening our belts, we consider this is one of the most fortunate places in the world and there's no cause for grouching. Anyone who wants to grumble ought to be popped over the frontier into France for a spell! . . ."

Toc H in Teheran

The father of a member writes to the Editor:

"My son, Sergt. L. T. Luck (R.A.S.) going abroad was the Secretary of the Toc H Branch. As soon as he arrived in Teheran, his first thought was to try and open a Branch, and he did so with much success. After being in Teheran for two months he was transferred to the British Legation, and since being there he is doing fine work in opening and getting Toc H into the country. You will see from the enclosed that there is no lack of interest and sympathy."

The enclosures include a page from the *Teheran Daily News*, which is published by the British Legation (and printed appropriately, at the Victory House Press, where the British troops in Persia are housed). In the first column it tells the story of the Old House and the new, and for enquirers, and there is a notice of the meetings of the Teheran Circle of Toc H on Monday ("members and visitors are always welcome"). Another cutting reports on the first meeting at which a representative of the British Legation was present was invited to talk for five minutes on "My Civilian Job," and a delegate responded. One of these, "in his own words," was paid to sell people goods they did not want for money they could not spend; another was "a land agent," and a third was "a Padre"; more wisdom fell from the mouth of an "employment expert," a bank manager, an insurance agent, two accountants, a government officer, an electricity engineer, a member of an oil company and a schoolmaster.

"The evening," the report ends, "was very interesting and did not omit that interesting incident of a Toc H meeting—humour."

In another enclosure, *Light*, the monthly news-sheet of Jerusalem, Sergt. Luck tells the story of the first meeting of the Teheran Circle—the first gathering of Toc H members in the Padre's room of the British Legation Services Club in December last, on the "first night" which they then arranged for, which a sudden curfew in the town interrupted, the next attempt when only two members put up but held a council of war leading to success. They build for the future.

"It must be our aim to endeavour to spread the great spirit of Toc H (which, of course, is the spirit of Christian Christianity) to as many people as possible, for it is such movements as ours that are the only ones that can bring about a great part after this terrible conflict."

So, here's our hand on it, Toc H.